
SVSPICE, CÆLVM.
DESPICE, MVNDVM.
RESPICE, FINEM.
SENTIE, SVPRA. MOLITERRESTRE.
Vera, ac viva Effigies
NATHANAELIS RICHARDS
TR. Sculp: Gen:


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...euen Poems:

Diuine, Morall, and Satyricall.

viz.

The
- Celestiall Publican.
- Spirituall Sea-fight.
- World.
- Flesh.
- Vicious Courtier.
- Iesuite.
- Deuill.

Together with sundry Epitaphs *and* Epigrams.

By *N.R.* Gent.

Cœlum Cupio.

Printed at *London* for *Roger Michell*, dwelling in *Charterhouse-lane*. 1631.

*56-1096

TO THE HEAVENLY LOVER OF DIVINE *POEMS.*

GOod Bookes, Good Minds beſt pleaſe, where bad
Deſert ſhall ſtill be raild at, Vice paſſe free,
Enuie, Debate, Pride, Flatterie, and a whore;
The Vicious minded Foole mindes nothing more.
Harlots, for hot ſinne-offerings ſhall finde
Fauour, and Friends, to them the World is kinde,
But when the wealth of *Soules*, in *Vertues Line*
Leuells Man's crooked *Thoughts*, to thoughts *Diuine*.
'Tis ſleighted then; Moſt *Worldlings*, like falſe Friends
Loue not for *Vertue*, but their owne baſe Ends.
Times Lordly Churle, deepe read, in Errors Schoole,
Eſteemes Plaine-Dealing, but a *Vertuous* Foole:
Therefore to thee, whoſe Sacred Soule deſires
Celeſtiall Solace, *Heauenly* Holy fires.
To thy Religious thoughts, apt to preuent,
And fly from Sinne; to thee I this preſent.

(Mindes be,

To the Reader.

Here's no *Luxurious Verſe* to pleaſe the Eares
Of Whoriſh Mindes (ſtranger to bleſſed Teares.)
No Court-Confounding Complement, nor ſtile
Offeigned Poeſie, nor baſe Flatries Guile:
Soule-ſuffering Griefe for ſinne, I here expreſſe;
Wiſhing to All, Immortall happineſſe.

True Penitence gaines Heau'n; throwes Sinners downe
To raiſe them vp to an *Immortall Crowne.*

Devoted to Your Vertues,

NATHANAEL RICHARDS.

* *
*

THE CELESTIALL PVBLICAN.

I That haue imperfections on my head,
Past Starres in number, or those sands that spread
The vast Seas bottome; shall not I confesse,
How oft 'gainst God, I desp'rately transgresse,
Put off Repentance still from day to day,
Abuse his Mighty Patience, still delay
His dread Command; And like a senseless Sot,
Vnmindefull of his Mercies, minde them not:
No sooner doe I finde a good thought take me,
But from that Vertue, Flesh and Blood doe shake me;
The longer life, the more I sinne, and fall
From bad to worse, from worse to worst of all.

Let others boaſt their goodneſſe, for my part,
Wretch that I am, I haue a ſinnefull Heart.
So tyde and bound, fetter'd and chain'd within
So ſtrong a Priſon; ſuch a Maze of ſinne,
That 'tis as farre vnlikely for me worme
E're to winde out, as for to raiſe a Storme,
Or ſlacke a Tempeſt; Workes of Wonder ſtand,
Farre from the Reach of Mortals weake command,
None but the Hand of God, his ſpeciall Grace,
Can pull me forth the Dungeon of diſgrace.
'Tis God that frees poore Man from all the Vices
Of this Worlds wicked villanous Entices.
And ſhall I then, in impious wayes vneuen
Offend ſo good a God; Defend me Heauen.

My

My trembling Conscience tels me, I haue beene
A very fearefull Sinner, Slaue to sinne;
Of all Men, most vnworthy of Saluation;
My sinnes deserue Heauens wrath, Hell & damnation,
Yet Mercy, Mercy Lord, Mercy I craue,
Shield my sad soule from th' infernall Graue.
* Strangle my growing sinnes in their beginning,
* Demollish Lord in me Custome in sinning.
* For that is such a kinde of desp'rate thing
* Men dreame not on; O 'tis a damned sting!
* And thus it creepes on vs; thoughts that are bent
* To Euill, get Delight, Delight Consent,
* Consent drawes Action, Action Custome breedes,
* And as the Sick-Man, (whom his owne death feedes) *Simile.

* Cuſtome at large, takes ſenſe of ſinne away,
* Sends ſoules to Hell, when 'tis too late to pray,
The Doome ſupernall neuer findes returne,
To call thee backe to Grace; thinke on't, or burne.
Thinke Heau'ns ſweete, ſiluer, Saints-Bell, toles all in,
To fright thee eu'ry Morne from vggly ſinne.
Let Mercy, eu'ry Euening (which do's keepe
Thee from Day-dangers, Death reſembling ſleepe)
Be to thy ſoule a Prayer Booke, t' imprint
Teares in thine Eyes; Griefe in thy Heart of flint.
Be it ſo, heauenly Father, vnto me,
To me, and eu'ry one; Make vs to ſee
And ſhunne Sinnes Cuſtome; with thy ſacred wings
Guard vs from Danger, Bleſſed King of Kings,

The Celeſtiall Publican.

Thou that at Home, abroad, at Sea, on land,
Here, there, and eu'ry where, didſt euer ſtand,
My ſure Protector, 'gainſt griefes infinite,
Danger, the Iawes of Famine, Worlds deſpight,
Sickneſſe, ſad diſcontent, when I and Care,
Shooke hands with ſorrowes Minion deepe deſpaire,
At that moſt wretched Time (my thoughts lockt vp
Beyond all hope of helpe;) then Mercies Cup
I freely taſted; bleſſed be thy Name
To me (my Gratious God,) proue ſtill the ſame.
In my Extreames of griefe, I call'd on thee,
Mercifull God, and thou didſt ſet me free,
Thou wert my onely Comfort in diſtreſſe,
Food, Raynent, all my Cure in heauineſſe,

My true Phyſitian in vnruly madneſſe,
Celeſtiall Muſicke, in my ſadeſt ſadneſſe,
Though all the World forſake me, God is kinde,
He ſolace giues to my diſconſolate minde,
O be the ſame for euer, may no ill
Seduce my ſoule to diſobay thy will.

While others careleſſe of their Soules true health
Greedie (like Hell) hunger for worldly wealth,
Preferment, Pride, th' inſatiate Diuell, Luſt,
Luxurious Fare, and vainely put their truſt
In glaſſie Glory, couzening State behauiour,
In valour Conqueſt, and Monarchall fauour.
While Soules thus erre, O thou the Lord of light,
Make me Heauen's Champion, Vertues Fauourite.

*Field Honor's but a Vapour, the ſound breſt
*Puts on Church Armour; Faith, and ſleights the reſt.
*In loue to Vertue, and true godly feare,
*Dwells Honour, not in Darts, Bow, Sling or Speare,
*Not in vaine Beautie, Strength, the Pride of Wit,
*Preſuming Riches, Learning, Valour, Credit,
*High Birth, Nobilitie, nor Grauitie,
*Humanitie, nor yet Virginitie;
*But in the Humble Soule, whom holy Storie
*Speakes, to maintaine God, and the Goſpels Glorie,
*The King, and Kingdomes ſafety, Churches Peace,
*The Virgins Right, Widdowes, and Fatherleſſe:
*Theſe are the Noble ſteps which euer waite
*On Vertues Court, 'tis the true way of State

* That neuer failes (as sacred Scripture saith)
* The humble, meeke, Religious Knights of Faith.
O Heau'nly Father, giue me Grace to fly
Delight in sinne, or suffer me to dye:
* Pleasures are poysons to this Soule of mine,
* There's no true Ioy on earth; but what's diuine.
Lord, teach me for to prize this world at naught,
Vpon thy Blessednesse be all my thought.
* Make me (my God) in hate to impure liues,
* Kicke at that Life, which Life of Heau'n depriues.
Make me to feele, those wonted holy fires,
Which rapt my soule in sanctified desires,
(Rauisht all sense) and with admir'd amaze,
Expos'd me, to that blessed burning blaze

Of

Of glorious contemplation; thoughts diuine
Then like Heauens Tapers in my Soule did ſhine; *Simile.*
But now that Glory failes; my ſoule hath ſeru'd
Folly ſo long; 'tis readie to be ſteru'd.
Darke ſinnes deſire hath dimm'd the Chriſtall ſight,
Of Meditation, turn'd my Day to Night,
To diſmall Night; where onely I may ſee
My ſelfe alone, ſtand like a deſolate Tree
Forſaken of all her Leaues; the Fruite dead,
And eu'ry Branch of comfort withered.
Naked performance, of Heauens ſacred Word,
Pulls Hell on me; Me thinkes the flaming ſword,
Of Gods iuſt vengeance, houer's o're my head,
Th' Element burnes, the ſtarres like molten Lead *Simile.*
Threaten

* That neuer failes (as sacred Scripture saith)
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(Rauisht all sense) and with admir'd amaze,
Expos'd me, to that blessed burning blaze

Of

Of glorious contemplation; thoughts diuine
Then like Heauens Tapers in my Soule did shine; *Simile.*
But now that Glory failes; my soule hath seru'd
Folly so long; 'tis readie to be steru'd.
Darke sinnes desire hath dimm'd the Christall sight,
Of Meditation, turn'd my Day to Night,
To dismall Night; where onely I may see
My selfe alone, stand like a desolate Tree
Forsaken of all her Leaues; the Fruite dead,
And eu'ry Branch of comfort withered.
Naked performance, of Heauens sacred Word,
Pulls Hell on me; Me thinkes the flaming sword,
Of Gods iust vengeance, houer's o're my head,
Th' Element burnes, the starres like molten Lead *Simile.*
Threaten

Threaten deſtruction; while diſtreſſed I,
Like a condemned wretch ſentenc'd to die,
Stand quaking at the Horrour, dreadfull woe
Shiuers my ſinfull ſoule. What ſhall I doe?
Pitty me King of Thunder, Heau'n, and Earth,
Mercifull Maker; thou that didſt giue me Birth,
Thou that canſt muſter Angels in the skie,
To ſafegard ſoules from blacke impietie,
Thou that doſt feede, and clothe, and ſtill perſeuer
To giue me Health, be mercifull for euer.
I that am poore, weake, feeble, and too apt
By the worlds whoriſh wayes to be entrapt:
I that am ſlothfull, dull, and negligent,
Vnmindfull of thy dread Commandement,

Beſeech thy pardon, forgiue my coldneſſe
In ſeruing thee; pardon that ſinfull boldneſſe.
Pardon all idle prate; ſinnes rotten talke,
Let not my ſteppes tread that accurſed walke
Which leades to lewdneſſe, baſe delight in Pleaſure,
Deſire of Pompe, Vaine-glory, Tott'ring Treaſure.
Deale not, O deale not with me as my merit
Truely deſerues; driue out the vggly ſpirit
Of all vncleanneſſe from my filthy fleſh,
(My drooping ſoule with ſanctitie refreſh.)
Shrowd me beneath thy ſacred Countenance,
Giue me thy Seruant *Dauids* Repentance,
The Patiency of *Job*, *Paul's* Puritie,
And ſoule-afflicted *Peters* weeping eye:

With

With holy Teares, Lord, make me to reiect
The sinne I (sinne-sicke sinner) most affect.
Heare me (Miraculous Maiestie) and giue
A Period to my cares, let me not liue
Frustrate of heau'nly thoughts; O send redresse
(Thou bidst me write) keepe me from Idleness,
From all ill Company, All waies vniust,
Sinne, Satan, and the Laborynth of Lust,
Simile. * Like *Joseph* (Mighty Maker) make me fly
* The tempting Baites of Beauties burning Eye.
* Diuert my sad distressed soule from vice,
* And Rauish me with loue of Paradice.
* Let not my wand'ring Eyes swimme in the fire
* Of Lust-stung lookes; nor let the loose desire

Of womans naked Paps, burne out mine Eyes
With ſenceleſſe gazing; make me to deſpiſe
All baſe deſires, ſinnes of ill-gouern'd youth,
All wicked Cuſtomes, gainſt thy ſacred Truth.
Suffer me, Worme vnworthy, not in vaine
To call on thee, let me ſome comfort gaine
Or kneele for euer; happie man were I
To kneele, and pray, and praying thus to die.
My Armes are ſpread, come ſempeternall Eſſence,
Rauiſh my ſoule; come bleſſed penitence,
Giue me a thouſand ſtabs; my ſoule has need
Of many thouſand Teares; then let it bleed
Pierce, pierce my ſtubborne Heart; make that the Inne
Of Grace, which yet is but the houſe of ſinne.

The Celestiall Publican.

At my dull follies I'le no longer wincke,
Sorrow shall be my Pen, sad Teares my Incke,
Misery my Paper, whereon I'le write
The sorrowes of my soule, my Youth's delight,
My Paths of Pleasure, prodigall expences,
My scarlet Crimes, and all my blacke offences.
This Booke I'le Dedicate vnto my Heart,
My Heart, chiefe Actor, in sinnes Tragicke part,
My Heart vnprincely, Reuelling within
My Body, that Banquetting House of sinne.
There chain'd to th' Magicke Musicke of free-will,
Riots in poyson'd pleasures, lewdly ill.
All that belongs to th' Body ou'ry part,
(My soule alone excepted) serues my Heart,

Bef

Beſt pleas'd, and beſt at eaſe with pleaſures Bane,
Moſt glad, to be moſt bad, and in that vaine
Traitor to Truth, Each Limme a Mortall Foe,
To worke my vniuerſall ouerthrow,
And to that end, with rude inſatiate eyes,
Runne all a whoring after vanities,
Soule-damning Banquets, Pompe, bewitching ioy,
Forſake eternall Glory for a Toy;
Debarring hope of Heau'n, and ſweete Saluation,
For moment pleaſure, licoriſh damnation.
O falſe, falſe Heart, falſe to thy deareſt friend,
Wound me no more, for pittie make an End.
I pittie thy blacke life, nor can forbeare
For thee, to ſhed, many a bleeding Teare.

Thou

Thou art my foe, and yet to see thee feed
Fat for Hells shambles my poore soule do's bleed.
Bleeds inward, vndiscern'd of any Eye,
Except my God, and my owne misery.
What shall I doe? faine would I shunne the sinne
My frailty most delights to wander in:
And yet I cannot; when I striue gainst vice
To stand most firme, I'me tript vp in a trice.
* Oh what a misery 'tis to haue a minde
* For to be truly honest, well inclinde
* And not to be suffer'd; such is the state,
* Of my sad bleeding soule vnfortunate.
Poore soule, that liues like Fortunes foot-ball tost,
In hazard eu'ry minute to be lost,

As is the ship 'mong Rocks, steerd by the skill
Of an imperfect Pilats desp'rate will.
Which, like a fruitlesse naught respected fly,
Careleſſe of danger, paine or misery,
Cutting the Ayre, flies at selfe-will so fast,
Till in the Spiders web 'tis caught at last.
So pleasure, soothing pleasure, doth beguile,
The sinfull Body with her couert guile,
Being the onely cause, when life for breath
During her short space, vainly strives gainst death,
Then like a mast-lesse Barke in stormy weather,
The soule drives vp & downe, it knowes not whether,
At last, for life misse-led, (sinnes that excell)
Body and soule at once, lumpe into Hell.

Simile.

Simile.

Simile.

* O thou the King, of those eternall fires
* Which spangle Heauen; good God grant my desire
* Infuse in me thy Grace, or I shall stray
* And so become a fearefull Cast-away.
* Helpe, or I sinke, belowe the lowe degree,
* Of sinnes extreamest infelicitie.
* Come, come Lord Iesus, O come thou and giue
* Helpe to my helpleſſe soule; I that doe liue
Like the distressed Bird, trapt in a Snare,
Caught by a lime-twig flying from the Ayre;
In which distresse, for comforts sweete relieſe,
Poore Innocent, with wings adds woe, to griefe,
So fares my soule, striuing sinnes snare to fly
Forc'd by deceit, liues snar'd in penury.

Acom-

Accompaned with comfortleſſe deſpaire,
With ſobs, and grones, and ſelfe-conſuming care
In Sable ſorrow ſits, there ſighs, and mournes, *Simile.*
Waſtes, and conſumes, like a ſpent Taper burnes
Onely for a flaſh, ready to goe out,
With multitude of ſinnes circl'd about.
The very thought do's ſhake me, and the feare
Rowze my flint Heart, that like a frighted Deere *Simile.*
Amazed ſtands; attaints mine eyes of treaſon,
Thoſe eyes exclaime, againſt the eyes of reaſon,
The eye of reaſon, blames their wanton ſight
As ouer rul'd by fooliſh appetite,
Each guilty of their fault, to ſinne ſtand thrall,
No Limme but helps, th' oppreſſed ſoule to fall,

* Man at the best, his vertu's very little,
* His state a Bubble, at the strong'st most brittle,
Simile. * Mans life is like a Game at Tables, where
* A good chance happ'ning; if you doe not there
* Mend it with some good play; the sad Games losse
* Will vexe thy grieued soule, proue the sole crosse
* To all thy comforts; All quietnesse than
Simile. * Leaues thee; and like a drunken seruing-man,
* Which at his masters most need goes astray,
* Is euer sure, still to be out o'th way.

What shall I doe? Where, whether shall I fly?
Here, there, I know not where, lie downe and dye,
Vp soule to Heau'n, there get a glorious Crowne,
I am too weake, too vile, sinne puls me downe

O my vnworthineſſe, my ſhame, my ſinne
When ſhall I ſhake thee of, when, when beginne,
No; wilt not bee, can I not doe the good
I would? Muſt I be rul'd by fleſh, and blood?
Weepe on, weepe on, diſſolue hard heart of flint,
Melt, melt thou ſtony rocke, Teares neuer ſtint
Drop Marble Mount, drop to a crimſon flood,
Sinke my ſinnes in Seas of penitent blood.
Come folded Armes, and you ſad Eyes, ſad Heart,
Come Soule oppreſt with ſorrow, play thy Part,
Haſte to ſome gloomy-groue, there all alone
On the greene mantled Earth, ſigh, ſob, and grone,
Spend pretious time, with ſacred thoghts that beares
Heau'n in their Eyes, true Vertue in their teares,

Complaine I will to fortune, not that whore
Which makes leane art, & pale-fac'd wisdome poore,
Ile not complaine to her; but to that Ens
Almighty Fortune; in diuineſt ſenſe,
Groueling on Earth for ſinne; Ile caſt forth groanes,
Sighes ſhall conuert to Teares; Teares into moanes.
Then will I ſtart, from ground my Body raiſe
Shoote mine Eyes vpward; againſt Heau'n I'le gaze
Thinke on my God; my God, whoſe ſacred Will
I haue abuſ'd; my God moſt iuſt to kill
Damne Soule, and Body, my remembrance blot
Out of the Booke of Life, I that forgot
(In midſt of all vaine ioyes, Intemp'rate healths
Looſe wanton chambering laſciuious ſtealths.)

All

All-seeing Heauen; a God so good, so great,
He that to feed vs with Spirituall meate,
Tooke humane shape; came downe from Heau'n, to (Earth
Enter'd the World; at whose soule-sauing Birth
The euerlasting gates of Mercy stood
Open to all; His houre of flesh and blood,
Turn'd night to day, Heau'ns glittering Angell came
And to poore men, poore sheepheards did proclaime
A Sauiour borne, sinnes fury to controule,
Neuer was such sweet musicke to the soule,
Before his comming; the Natiuitie
Of Christ brings mortals firme felicitie.
* Milde was his Birth; his Life creations wonder,
*His death, deaths terror; O thou God of thunder,

The Natiuitie of *Christ*.

* Master of mans saluation, all the Earth
*Reapt plenitude of Ioy, when thou tookst Birth,
* Mortalls were bigge with sinne, villany ripe,
* Hells dreadfull Dragon, ready for to gripe
* Soules in his vggly pawes; But then stept in
* Our Sauiour; he redeemd lost soules, whose sinne
* Gaue them to death eternall; blessed houre,
*Blessed Nativitie, thrice blessed powre,
* Me thinkes at thought of thy Natiuitie,
* I lie perfum'd in Immortalitie.
When Christ was borne, all were new borne agen,
Nere came like Musicke to the hearts of Men:
Angels for ioy, clap their Celestiall Wings,
And ev'ry Saint, ev'ry Crowned Martyr Sings

(Magni-

(*Magnifico Deum*) to mortalls peace
The calme of Conscience, and shall mortals cease
Their glad expressions? No, let hate to vice
Dissolue sinnes cloud; Eccho to Paradice
Our Sauiours welcome, let vs neuer more
Lie downe to our dishonours like a whore *Simile.*
Dead to good councell; neuer let darke deedes
Defile the Soule; Lets roote vp all the seedes
Of Pride, Lust, Enuie, Hatred, and in place
Plant wisedome, meeke humility and grace.
* Christs Glory came cloathd in humility,
* To teach our Hell-bred Pride, Ciuility.
* Borne of a Virgin, came to the world a stranger
* His Palace an Oxe-stall, his Bed a Manger:

O're whose obscure aboad, Heau'ns Taper shinde;
And to the soules of wisest Men diuinde
Great Natures wonder; pointed them the way
To finde the worlds Redeemer; they obay
Made towards that fixed starre which in the skie
Was the blest Virgin Maries Canopie.
To Beth-lehem they came; there with hearts glad
Ador'd the King of Glory, poorely clad.
Nor could blood thirstie Herods strict command,
Nor bloody butchering of Babes withstand
His blessed Birth; whose admiration brings
Ioy to the world; blest be that King of Kings,
He that to cure sinnes Leaporous disease
A Heauenly Progresse fetcht, the Geste these:

Christs

The Adamant of Glory.

CHRIST'S
Setting forth
from's Celestiall
PALACE, Lodg'd in
the *Virgins* Wombe; from
that blest PLACE, To th' *Manger*
went; from *Manger* to the *Crosse*; From
Crosse departed (with his deare Bloods losse)
Vnto the SEPVLCHER; there made all euen,
And so Return'd, Gloriously Home to HEAVEN.
To HEAV'N, from whence LORD let thy
SACRED FIRE, GLISTER vpon
my SOVLE, whose sole Desire,
Begges MERCY for my
Sinnes, makes knowne to
THEE, THOV that
hast RAVIHST
ALL, hast
Rauisht
Me.

The Passion of *Christ.*

Thirty three yeeres, Christs sanctity did were
The Cloth of our Redemption, and did beare
Times heauy yoake of crosses, that we might,
With ease sustaine all wrongs; in him delight
*Like Martyr'd *Stephen*, whose lowd crying grones
*Gain'd Heau'n ith' middle of a storme of stones.
*Loue lead him on; in Death this Saint was Taster,
*And first, that follow'd his Immortall Master
*Christ Crucifide; whom none that truly heares,
*But sure 'twill thawe their frozen hearts to teares.
*Christs whole Life was a Martyrdome, and Crosse,
*Actiue, and Passiue, and his deare bloods losse
*The Tragicke Part, the bloody Sceane which none
*But he himselfe must Act, and Act alone.

Simile.

*Alone

Alone for vs, (Heau'ns Glorious Lampe of Grace
Grou'ling on Earth) fell on his ſacred Face,
He that is euer Lord of Mercies ſeate,
Water'd the Garden Cedron with the ſweate
Of bloody Browes, and Body; heauineſſe,
And deadly ſorrow, ſeiz'd his bleſſedneſſe:
A kiſſe betray'd him, and a periur'd lie,
Was the Reward for all his puritie,
n ſcorne, this Prince of Heau'n was buffetted,
ſpighted, ſpitted at, Extreamly ſcourged,
Yet Torture ne'r mou'd him; he was ſilent,
n all his bitter ſuffrings patient.
Neuer did Earthly King, (free from annoy)
Receiue his Crowne, nor with a greater ioy

Went

Went to his Coronation Dignifide
As Glories King; went to be Crucifide.
In him the Iewes derided Maiestie,
Condemned Innocence, scourg'd Pietie,
* Head, Hands, Side, Feet, they to the Crosse did Fi
* Made him all o're a bloody Crucifixe.
Simile. * Satan and Death like sawcie serieants went
* To seize on him; to sheere that Innocent
* Blest Lambe of God; But he who was to saue
* All that beliew'd; they had no power to shaue,
* His Patience, Death, and Diuels force did quell
* He tooke the Great *Leuiathan* of Hell
* With the hooke of his Crosse; made him his slaue
* Captiu'd the Diuell, and subdued the Graue,
Simile. * Like a long lookt for Booke, Christ in the Presse
Was kept, to come in Print forth, for to blesse
* Our soules with that Saluation which do's giue
* New Life, whereby Eternally wee liue.

Dea

INRI.

Suffer'dst the
Which downe
Suffer'dst the
Shed, from
Neyl'd to the
Suffer'd, the

are Sauiour sweet, sweet was thy deare Compassion,
arely expreſt in that moſt bitter PASSION;
hen whipt and ſcourg'd, thou mildly ſuffer'dst all,
owes, Buffets, Blaſphemies, VIN'GER and GALL,
Fi ulting Foes Reproach, Mockes, Scoffings, Scorne,
y SINEWES to be Rackt, thy BODY Torne.

Crowne of Thornes t'empale thy Braine,
thy Cheekes fare'd showres of Bloud to raine:
piercing LAVNCE, that like a FLOVD
thy wounded Side, thy pretious BLOVD
Croſſe; there CHRIST loſt Soules to winne,
World's huge pond'rous weight of Sinne.

The Key of Heaven.

Heau'ns Wrath, Hel's Rage;
On CHRIST, all Torments fell
To ſaue our Soules frō thoſe blew flames in Hell:
which th' amazed EARTH with horrour ſhooke,
ikeneſſe poſſeſt the WORLD, Day Light forſooke.

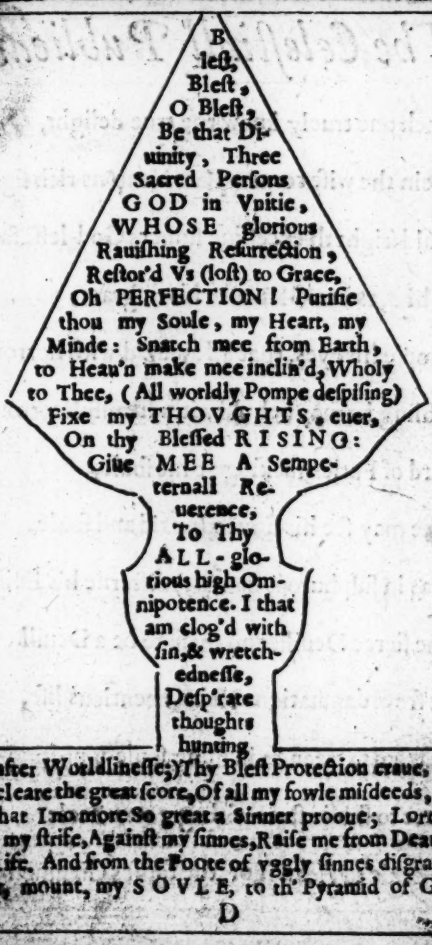
I N R I.

CAN muddie
And not Christs
HAPPY the
FOR Christs
What Tongue?
CHRIST'S

Her wonted course; the Sunne obscur'd his Lig
At Death of IESVS CHRIST; that bloudy sig
Made HELL to quake; Diuels with Admirati
Tremble to see the Cause of MANS Saluatio
Oh the rich thought, strike, strike amazing Thund
Shake Natures Frame; this impious Age with wond

Mortals mirade their Actuall Euills,
SVFFERINGS? (Such resemble Deuils;)
MAN, whose sacred SOVLE is beat,
ENDVRINGS; firmely no REPENT
What Pen? Not all Mans Wit can reh
Torments; they exceeded paines in Hell!

And all for MAN,
Ingratefull, wretched MAN;
Are we not bound, to loue and feare Him that a
O yes, to spend whole houres, dayes, months, & yea
In true Repentant Showres, and Flouds of Tea


Blest,
Blest,
O Blest,
Be that Diuinity, Three
Sacred Persons
GOD in Vnitie,
WHOSE glorious
Rauishing Resurrection,
Restor'd Vs (lost) to Grace,
Oh PERFECTION! Purifie
thou my Soule, my Heart, my
Minde: Snatch mee from Earth,
to Heau'n make mee inclin'd, Wholy
to Thee, (All worldly Pompe despising)
Fixe my THOVGHTS, euer,
On thy Blessed RISING:
Giue MEE A Sempe-
ternall Re-
uerence,
To Thy
ALL-glo-
rious high Om-
nipotence. I that
am clog'd with
sin, & wretch-
ednesse,
Desp'rate
thoughts
hunting
after Worldlinesse; Thy Blest Protection craue,
cleare the great score, Of all my fowle misdeeds,
that I no more So great a Sinner proone; Lord
let my strife, Against my sinnes, Raise me from Death
to Life. And from the Poote of vggly sinnes disgrace,
mount, mount, my SOVLE, to th' Pyramid of Grace.

Did each one truely know the true delight,
Wherein the wiſe contemplate Heau'ns rich ſight,
'Twould fright th'exceſſiue ſinners God-leſſe face,
Make him, as in a Glaſſe ſee his diſgrace,
Teare op'e his eyes, that all amaz'd with horrour,
Trembling he may behold with dreadfull terrour,
A guard of Furies, ſucking at his ſoule,
That he may ſee his ſinnes, horrid and foule,
(Liue as in ſulphurous flames;) diſcerne his Euill,
See the fierce Deuill, and ceaſe to be a Deuill.
Ceaſe from damnations Heire, licentious life,
Ceaſe from extreames in ſinne, ſoule-murdring ſtr
Abhorre to ſtudie ſtate with greater Zeale
Then Zeale to Heau'n, or the ſoules Common-w

Abhorre with solemne Oathes periur'd to teare,
And racke the Name of Christ dreadlesse of feare
Wounding afresh (with trembling feare I write)
Wonder of Angels, that great God of Light.
His wounds, with Othes of wounds, flesh, bloud & hart,
(Horrour of darkenesse) O blaspheming part!
Too too much vs'd 'mong God-lesse soules, who still
Infinite good pay with infinite ill.
As if no thought remain'd of future good,
No teares for him, that shed his pretious bloud,
But as the comely Actor, whose faire part
Vpon the stage presents an honest heart
For two houres space, a Vertuous Noble Minde,
His Sceane expir'd, basely to vice inclinde,

Simile

Drinke, Drabs, and Oathes, making no other vse
With his faire Part but with excesse abuse:
* O you that stand on Pynacles of state
* Let not the World deceiue you, least too late
* From off your slipp'ry height you come in thrall,
*o pash your selues in peeces past recall.
* Sell not fare Lord-ships, to keepe Lady-ships,
* Nor sucke damnation from a strumpets lips.
* Touch not those Spells of *Sparta*, let e'm Rot
* When Vertue rules in Man, Lust liues forgot.
One onely Iemme, that's all the store I haue,
Great of that little nothing, which shall craue
Of Heauens Greate En's, not for my selfe alone,
But for thee Reader, thee, and euery one,

Rare

Rareneſſe of Rare example, and withall
An euerlaſting skie of Grace to fall
Vpon our warre on Earth, deſiring Heauen,
For wayes on Earth are crooked, all vneuen.
* Saue me, O ſaue me, thou Eternall Terror
* To damned ſoules, I doe confeſſe each Error,
* The many thouſand ſinnes, vnſeene, vnfelt
Which long, too long in my hard heart haue dwelt,
* To thee, to thee, thou Euer-liuing being
* Of an Eternall Maieſtie All-ſeeing,
* With penitent Heart I come, I call, I cry,
* Pardon my ſinnes, helpe thou All-viewing Eye.
* Looke downe Soule-ſauing ſacred God of Truth
* Forgiue, th' infinite follies of my youth.

* Shield me Diuinitie from Satans Ginnes
* Lord lay not to my Charge my Parents sinnes:
* Glory of Goodnesse in thy Mercy heare mee;
* Let Hate, Reuenge, nor Enuie ne'r come neare mee,
* Let neither Pride, nor hope of gaine deceiue mee,
* Nor pleasure, nor the want of Meanes bereaue mee
* Of sense; least senselesse wholy I despaire,
* And so become the wretched Childe of care.
* O sacred Sauiour make me euer trie
* To liue by honest Meanes, or let me die;
* Though griefe, and I, haue well acquainted beene,
* Lord let me neuer grieue, but for my sinne.
* So shall thy Mercy, ne'r forgetfull stand
* While I haue Tongue, a Pen, a Head, a Hand.

THE

THE SPIRITVALL SEA-FIGHT.

* *
*

EM'prour of Angells, O thou King of Starres,
Mans perfect solace 'gainst sins bloody Wars
When I behold, with contemplation Eye
The siluer Spangles of thy Glorious skie;
Me thinkes in that Blew-paper-Booke of Heau'n,
I see waies of Mortalls all vneu'n
The wretched soule of Man in euery Place
Liues as in Hell on Earth, without thy Grace,

Temptation on Temptation, paſt controule
Alures the Body, to betray the Soule.
Hell's Blacke Prince, Troopes of ſpirits eu'ry day
Inuade my ſinne-ſeidg'd-ſoule; Furies diſplay
Infernall Banners; while the Drumme of Death
Beates a dead March; and e're I can take Breath
Sounds ſhrill Alarums; hot Aſſaults beginne
The ſoules fierce Fight; muffl'd, in cloudy ſinne,
I liue beſet; Millions of ſpirits round
Shoote at my ſoule; I ſtand on no firme ground
But tread on earth, as on a Ball of Ice
I cannot ſtand, nor ſtirre for ſlip'ry Vice.
My Soul's a Ship, toſt on the Mountaine Seas
Of this vaſt World, ſhe neuer liues at eaſe;

*Her ſayles are ſighes, her Anchor deepe deſpaire,
*Her Compaſſe Error, her ſad Pilot, Care;
Farre off from ſafeties ſhore, floates on the waues
Of fearefull billowes, Soule deuouring Graues.
Rough, bluſt'ring, ſtubborne ſtormes, yeeld no reliefe
On euery Shrowd, Each Tackling, hangs a griefe:
Death like a darke cloud, beſets euery Place,
Here Rocks of Ruine, their Pyrates lie in Chaſe
In euery corner, Miſchiefes hourely lurke,
*Pride fights againſt vs like a furious *Turke*; *Simile.*
*Luſt like a trech'rous *Spaniard*; murd'ring *French*,
*Like an infected poyſon's loathſome ſtench,
*Gluttonie like a *Germaine*, drunkenneſſe
*Like a *Dutch Dun-kercker*; whoſe impiouſneſſe

*Stiles

* Stiles him the Maſter Gunner, to giue fire
* To all ſinnes blacke Artillery, Hells Ire
* Infernall chaine-ſhot, All ſoule-murd'ring ſtrife,
To ſinke Man's weather-beaten ſhip of Life,
Which to gaine Grace, no ſooner weighs Anchor,
Sets ſayle for ſafety, but ſtraight ſinnes Canker,
The deuouring Diuell, Pyrate for Hell,
Chaſing flyes after, and with blacke Arts ſpell
Commands to ſtay; ſometimes with beauteous forme
With ſongs of Syrens ſometimes; ſometimes ſtormes
Such pitchie Tempeſts, to be night the way,
As if the horror of the latter day
Frighted the World; ſo ſtops the ſoule from bliſſe,
Shoots through, and through her, ſo ſhe ſteers amiſſe.

Then

hen as in bloudy Sea-fights Men may ſee *Simile.*
imes ſacrifice to valour, no man free
rom deſp'rate danger; euery one maintaines
he terrour of the Fight (though with their braines
aſht in each others Faces.) Vitall breath,
oſt in a fighting flame; blood, and death:
ullets, and Batteries, couers the ſhip all o're
er diſmall deckes with horror, purple gore,
nd ſcatterd limmes; ſo the ſoules Pinnace
n her ſpirituall fight ſinnes do's deface,
Murders our beſt of thoughts, like raging Seas,
Winds, ſtormes & tempeſt driue vs where they pleaſe.
The poore afflicted ſoule, Satan ſo blinds,
knowes not where ſhee is; by whyzing winds.

Now

Now toſt toth' top of all the Azure Skie,
Now tumbling as to Hell, with frighted Eye,
Her Flag of ſinnes defiance Tempeſt-rent.
Her Sayles torne all to Rags, her Maine-maſt ſpent
All out of Order: toſſing to, and fro,
The ſoule diſtreſt, knowes not which way to goe.
With gentle calme, check Satan's black ſtorme, Lor
Wee ſhipwracke elſe, Diuels will come a Board
Burne with Hells wildfire, Flame, Ruine, Race,
Blot our ſoules hope, helpe Miniſter of Grace.
Safeties in Heau'n, in this vncertaine Life
Nothing but Hell-bred quick-ſands, Warre, and ſtrif
Soule-killing vapours, worldly vanities,
Thicke clouds of vice Perpetuall miſeries,

The Spirituall Sea-fight.

There is a Voyage, to the Holy Land
which the Truth, our bleſſed *Card* muſt ſtand
The Holy Ghoſt our *Pilot* to direct
The ſteerage of our courſe from ſinnes neglect,
Toth' Hauen, of Heau'n; that happy *Port* of Reſt,
Saluations Guard, true *Cape* of Comfort bleſt.
There, Heauens bright Maieſtie, our Sauiour ſweet,
Sits with the Hand of Mercy, for to Greet
And waſt vs to him; O may all that ſtray!
Sayling along the Coaſt of ſorrow, Pray,
Pray vnto him, hee'l guide their wandring Barke,
Tempeſt toſt hourely in the dreadfull Darke.
If thou be Sea-ſicke call vpon him, and he
Shall ſoone with Health's ſweet ſolace comfort thee;

Rebuke

Rebuke the raging windes, Times blackeſt ſtorme,
And to a calme, Skie-ſwelling Seas reforme:
No Rocks, Gulfs, Sands, nor Seas cloud-kiſſing waue
Sinnes dreadfull Sea-fight, nor the deſp'rate brau
Of Pyrates, none ſhall hurt; let then thy care
See thy weake veſſell Rigg'd, well Man'd with praye
And then launch forth, hoiſt ſayles, and when you ſp
The *Cape* of good hope, keepe it in thine eye.
Let holy thoughts, death threatning ſtorms o'recom
That whatſoeuer chance there ſhall become,
The veſſell of thy Body being foule,
Make ſure to ſaue the paſſenger, thy ſoule.

* He valiant, onely Vertuous is that can
* Subdue his Sinnes; Hees the true Noble Man,
* Ther

*Ther's perfect valour, he true glory winnes,
*He's the true Souldier, that ſubdues his ſinnes:
*Breakes through the pikes of ſinne, all fiends that are
*In Hell, or Diuels ruling in the Aire,
(*Forcing his way to Heau'n deſpight all charmes)
*Enchantmẽts, dead-ſleeps, all ſoule-ſlayling harmes)
*Wreſtling like *Iacab*, conſtant in his fight *Simile.*
*Mindfull of his maieſtick-Makers ſight.
To ſuch belongs the Euerlaſting Crowne
Of ſempeternall Glory, true Ronowne;
Which to prepare thee for; ceaſe to neglect
Th' Allmighties ſacred ſeruice, let reſpect
Feare and true Reuerence to his pretious Word,
Be to thy ſoule that Helmet, Shield and Sword

Too ſtrong for Sathan, all the fiery Darts
Of Fiends and furies, Arme thy noble Parts
Thy Soule, thy Heart, thy Minde, ſtriue to fulfill
(The Maieſtie of Heauen) his Diuine Will.
And like the cunning curious Architect
Earneſt ſome goodly Building to Erect:
(Breaking his ſleepe) wholly imployes his minde
On the drawne Modell; which when he do's finde
Exact, his Eye dwels euer then vpon it,
And his affection neuer driuen from it.
So when to thought we call our Sauiours blood,
(That ſempeternall platforme of all good)
Shed for our ſinnes, Let it for euer dwell
In the Idæa of our Mindes, ſo Hell,

Sinne,

Sinne, death, nor deadly desp'rate discontent,
Can barre the Heau'nly heart from true content.
What vggly wormes are wee that dare presume
To pawne our soules for pleasure, dare consume
Our Time on toyes, when as we firmely know
Time shall decay; we cannot feed, nor goe,
Nor promise life a Minuite; we passe to bed
But Ignorant to rise aliue, or dead.
Admit day-light approaches, and the morne
Inuites thee forth? thou neuer maist returne:
Death by a thousand accidents do's meete
Health, Wealth, and Beauty; stabs them in the street,
He that least thinkes of death, some falling Tyle
Timber, or Stone, do's suddenly beguile

Him of his life, yea oft' when he refraines
And ſeekes to ſhun it, daſheth out his braines.
Theſe Tragicke Truths (true cauſes of diſlike,)
Me-thinkes ſhould moue vs to repent, and ſtrike
A terror to our ſoules; force vs to ſee
Man's outward danger; inward miſery
Which like an vnreſiſted roaring Tide
Runnes through our veins, and apts the blood to pri
To all the ſinnes that are, or euer were,
O horrid ill! haue wee not cauſe to feare,
To quake and tremble, when our dull dead Eyes
(Drunke with the poyſon'd dreggs of ſinne) ne'r ſp
The miſchiuous perills, and the blacke affright
That hourely waite, on the Spirituall fight.

Fien

Fiends liue at Sea, and Furies on the Land,
Gluttonie for a *Corporall* do's Stand,
Au'rice a *Pioner*, Sloth you may spie
An idle *Gentleman* of a Company.
Wrath's the *Serieant*, Enuie the *Colours* gaine,
Lust the *Lieftennant* is; Pride the *Captaine*:
These in the Heart of euery one take Place
Where cowardly soul's shun the blest meanes of grace;
Let vs for euer then resist all Euill
Wisedome commands vs to defie the Diuell;
To combate with our sinnes; oppose temptation,
Fight against Hell the Diuell, and Damnation.
This for a Caueat take, striue to doe well:
(Ingratitude to Heau'n, picks open hell.)

While Grace is offer'd then, Watch, Fast, and Pray:
Ther's no preuention in the latter day.
* None liues secure, that to his Vice liues friend,
* A Vitious life, oft makes a vitious end.
* Strengthen me, my Creator, make me fight
* Thy HOLY BATTLE, let not the Worlds deligh
* Diſſwade my ſoule; ſweet Ieſus, for thy merits
* Enable mee, Rouze my deiected Spirits,
* Vncharme Hells charme, O Sacred God vntie
* My fetter'd Soule, let mee not euer lie
* Lull'd in the Strumpet lap of deadly ſinne,
* This Minute Sacred Sauiour now beginne
* To giue Releaſe, and as thou didſt prouide
* An Army of Angels, for *Eliahs* guide,
* W

* Who (to ſecure him guirt with Enemies)
* Mounted his ſoule from worldly vanities.
* So Heauenly Day-Star, bleſſed Ieſus end
* This my Deſigne thy holy Angell ſend
* To be my Guide, my Guard, my Sacred ſpell
* Gainſt all Enchantments, witchcrafts, death, & hell
* So ſhall my Anthem euery morning be
* Glory of Heauen, ſhew mercy vnto me,
* To me Times wretch, moſt wretched; vilely baſe
* Wanting thy ſacred aide, ſpirituall grace.
* Remember not my frailties; make me to grow
* Great in thy loue, thou that doſt truly know,
* Of all the Bleſſings vnto Mortals giuen
* My chiefe deſire on Earth, is Grace from Heau'n,

* The Bleſſing of th' Almighty Lord of Hoaſt,
* The Father, the Sonne, and the holy Ghoſt,
* Preſerue, be with me, now, and for euer when
* My Soule is moſt diſtreſt, Amen, Amen.

Spes mea Chriſto.

* *
*

THE

THE WORLD.

VAine is this *world*, this Strumpet World that can
Yeeld nothing cõstant, Loue 'twixt man & man,
Which next his Maker, should be most respected,
Is sooneſt broake; and most of all neglected,
Ingratefull, vile, the World's a very Whore,
Proud, rich in Vice, in Vertue most, most poore,
Misse-led by eu'ry vaine Phantasticke Toy,
To forget God, bewitch't with carnall ioy;
Bundles of Baubles, imbecilitie,
Biles of Apparell; Botch Nobilitie:
Lordships, Ladyships, Pool'ries and Fashions,
Luſt-panting Humours; ten thousand Passions.

The World.

Rich Men, the more to blame, as this Age goes,
Debarre houſe-keeping to maintaine gay Cloathes;
A Rich Caroach, three hunder'd pounds a Gowne,
Thirty pounds a Smocke, or their Wiues will frowne,
There is no liuing with them, they muſt ride
Where, when, and how they liſt in glit'ring Pride,
High flaſhing burning Brauerie, blinde Eyes,
Flint Hearts, dull Eares, deafe to all poore Mens cries
Such is the dullneſſe of Mortalitie,
And ſuch the World's cold Hoſpitalitie,
* Each duſtie Magiſtrate with Brib'rie fed,
* One robs the liuing, another robs the dead,
* A third the Arch-Theefe playes by cunning ſtealth,
* Knaue Knights by Patent rob the Common-wealth,

Ioyne

* Ioyne with much, too much, ill iniuſtice, he
* Zodomiticall Lecher for a greedie Fee
* Dares licenſe luſt, glad if he may preuaile,
* (Sucke wealth from proſtitute Harlots; neuer faile
Man's minde which moſt his Maker ſhould affect
(With feare, and trembling, and that true reſpect,
Belongs to his high Maieſtie) the Net
Of ſinne ſo ſnares, we worthleſſe wormes forget
God's Thunder-darting Vengeance, glorious ſtate
Still forget God, forget to contemplate
With Rauiſhing Loue, true loue, pure heart, pure eies,
That's the defect makes houreſy miſchiefes riſe,
* Ambitious Lords Attir'd in Anicke ſhape,
* Ioy in the wayes of Luſt, Murder, and Rape,

* Ladyes

*Ladies with charmes, tricks, humours, that they haue,
* Abuſe their Lords, diſpatch them to the Graue.
* The Iealious Husband (miſchieuous in ill)
* Through vaine ſuſpect, his conſtant wife to kill.
* The careleſſe Cleargy man in his degree
* Satan corrupts; makes for a golded fee
The greedy Lawyer fed by Clients ſtrife,
Brib'd angels take, for the true Angell life.
Iuſt Iudge, the vniuſt duſtie Magiſtrate,
Father the Sonne, the Sonne the Father hate,
Brother, the Brother, proſecute to death,
Quarrell for Toyes; ſtop one anothers breath.
The world do's hourly tempt fooles worldly wiſe,
The deceitfull Tradeſman, that ſeemes preciſe,

And

And is an arrant knaue; to thinke the honie
And onely bleſſed life, ſtill to get mony.
Mockes at the poore mans vertue, and in pride
Stiles him a vertuous foole; thus knaues deride
The pouertie of Men, which do's as farre
(In Heauenly wealth) tranſcend them, as a ſtarre
The richeſt Iemme on Earth; But tis not ſo
With the worlds wealthy worldling; they ſay no,
Rich enough, Honeſt enough; all they can
Aimes at the outward, not the inward man.
* Pouertie made a ſcoffe, a ſcorne, a winde:
* Gold ſmothers Vertue, blackeſt Actions blinde.
* Gold got in God's name, with an honeſt face,
* Comes ſlow; but in the Diuels name apace.

Such

The World.

Such is the world's condition, Good Men's thrall,
On Earth ther's no true comfort, none at all.
* The honeſt minded Scholler, ſhall ne'r lacke,
* Sorrow nor want of meanes to breake his backe.
* The pittifull Souldier, in his greateſt need
* Ha's his throate cut, he ſhall be ſure to bleed,
* The faire Gameſter, for his milde ſquare play
* Is ſooneſt coozen'd, ſure to loſe eu'ry day.
* The faithfull Louer, ſtill is paid with hate
* The more in loue, the more vnfortunate.
Be rich or poore, in high or low Eſtate
I'th mod'rate Meane, or fully fortunate,
Inſatiate Mankinde, euer diſcontent,
Deſires to liue, but neuer liues content.

In ſcarcity of Corne, for plentie crie,
In plenty, ſtraight forget God inſtantly.
Such is Man's Erring ſoule, which ought to know
* Lifes, but a long ſad Pilgrimage of woe, *Simile.*
* An Arke of trauell, ſhop of vanity,
* Storehouſe of trifles, Inhumanitie:
* A Field of Stones; a Path of thornie Prickes,
* Meadow of Scorpions, Groue of Baſiliſckes.
The Worlds vnquiet reſt, is all Man's foe,
* Dangers attend vs, where ſo ere wee goe.
* Miſchieuous Deceits, Brawles, Quarrels, Fightings,
* Falſe-hearted Neighbour-hood, baſe back-bitings.
* Friendſhip's ſo faithleſſe Ripe, full blowne with euill
* A friend to day, the next for gaine proues Deuill.

The World.

The World's condition right; 'tis slaue to sinne,
Beware of it; the worlds a cunning ginne
'Twill entrap soules; call then to God for Grace,
* Let griefe for worldly Crosses, ne'r take place,
* Neuer let sorrow runne into extreames
* Vnlesse for sinne; so shall Celestiall Beames
* Glorifie thy Soule, make it Immortall,
* Free it from ills; what euer can befall
In this false promising World; this Maze of woe,
Where wretched Worldlings know not where to goe
To winde them out; such are the various wayes
Of life oppressing Yeeres, Months, Weeks and Daies
As Prose ill read, abide too much misusing,
Or Vertuous verse, when rogues haue the perusing,

So fares it with the faire, and flouriſhing Line,
Of that ſweet Heauenly ſtraine, Poeſie Diuine,
Baſely neglected by the Monſter Crew,
Of Puff-Paſte muddie Mindes; that piſh, and mew,
Make a wry, Cloſe-ſtoole-face; a ſquint ey'd glance
At Vertuous verſe; (whoſe ſad miſchance,
Is to goe vnregarded,) when the crime
Of a laſciuious, Baſtard, Ballet rime,
(If baudy enough) though ne'r ſo vnfit
Winnes fauour, profit, and the praiſe of wit.
Read with delight, and much, too much requir'd,
Coppies ſought after, greedily deſir'd:
When perfect Poetrie, Muſicke to the ſoule
Truth's firme Oppoſer 'gainſt crimes filthy foule

If

* (If Read) most read for fashion, small delight,
* No comfort, no respect, but scornefull slight.
* And such is Vertues Foe; the Worlds proud Minion
* In whom ther's no true Loue, no perfect Vnion.

O Diuine Poesie I lament thy state,
To see thy Beautie disproportionate,
So poorely in esteeme, their's few I see
Or none at all take true delight in thee.
* This wanton World farre sooner will approue
* Ioy in Pot-Poets, lousie Rimeing loue,
* Or wanton *Ouids* straine, to tickle the eare,
* And stirre the blood to lust, rather then heare
* The Glorious Godly Aime of Noble Verse,
* Which points at Heauen; and tels vs of that fierce

All-threatning Thunderer; he that descries
Our secret deeds; those blackest Actions spies
At which, amaz'd, my Muse stands wrapt in wonder,
Beggs Mercy, Mercy, O thou God of Thunder,
Or we shall shipwracke all; All too too blame
Farre too vnmindfull of God's Sacred Name,
His Blessings day, by day, his, great Mercy
Long suffering, and Excelling Safety.
Why should we worm's stand pretious in Heau'ns sight
And not be damn'd to Euerlasting Night,
For our Foule erring sinnes, sinnes that Excell
The least whereof, merits the Paines of Hell.
Hell that this instant Gapes, to seize this world,
Deserving euery moment to be hurl'd

To endlesse Flames; but for the Excellence
Of OVR FATHER's, wonderfull patience.
O for the Pen of pure perfection,
To character Man's imperfection,
Open the blinde, excessiue sinner's eyes,
(Force Teares for sinne) make him, himselfe despise
'Twere Musicke to the Soule; Diuine delight
Th' vndoubted Path to pleasures infinite.
Holla Commanding Empresse of my Braine,
Whether thus flings my Muse; diuert thy Straine:
Man is so farre from making God amends,
That all his waies to wicked Actions bends.
The World's a Racke, Times Tenter-hooke to ketch
At mindes most honest; makes a man a wretch:

Thousands

Thousands in want, finding no way, to cure it.
Hazard the Gallowes, rather then endure it,
Mis'ry of Miseries, when Coyne growes scant
Man's Fortun's Foot-ball, then's no woe to want:
It dulls braue wittes, when nothing else can doe it;
Tames, and makes desp'rate when Time brings vs to it
Want makes a man turne Slaue, vnto a Slaue
Scoft, scorn'd, and flouted at by eu'ry knaue,
By eu'ry silken sodden-headed Foole,
That neuer felt Heau'ns scourge, nor Mis'ries Schoole
Want, broacheth Mischiefes neuer thought vpon,
Makes many an honest woman wanton.
Want (like a Madman) makes Men sweare and Dice *Simile.*
Forget their God, turne Vertue into vice.

Husband, and wife, the Sister, and the Brother,
Compel'd through want, deuoure one another.
Merchants, Lawyers, yea some Diuines will fall
When want do's soundly Gripe, tw'ill trie them all.
And therefore (As an Antidote) be sure
First that thou pray to God, that's the maine Cure
Gainst Woluish-want; and then bethinke thee sure,
Vpon some honest meanes; 'twill new Create
Thy vnderstanding, put thee on a way
With Reu'rent Soule, on bended knees, each day
To serue thy God aright; so he from falling
Proues thy Protector, giues thee a Vertuous Calling
Heau'n grant the Honest Minde may neuer know
The fierce Assaults of want, that Hell of woe,

Torture

Torture of Minde, *Murderer* of *Modeſtie*,
High-way to Theft, Cut-throate of *Chaſtitie*.
The Key of *whoredome*, Bane of that true Loue
Which many boaſt, but few did euer proue.
Many vow Loue, for euer to be true
Yet, when want comes, *whores* are not more vntrue.
How ſweetly did that *Sacred Pſalmiſt* ſing
And runne *Times* true Diuiſion on the ſtring
Of *Miſery*, when he of God did craue,
Nor *Want*, nor too much *Wealth*, leaſt in the Graue
Of damn'd *Deſpaire*, much want might haile him in
And Riches Mount him to the higheſt ſinne:
Lackey his way to lewdneſſe, to miſtruſt
God's Mercies, and to practiſe wayes vniuſt

The World.

A Holy feare seiz'd on that blessed King
To dread want's Dangerous Dart, Proud Riches sting.
May the Good Man still thirst for Mercies Cup;
Climbe *Iacobs* sacred Ladder and mount vp
Into a fiery Chariot, Burning Zeale,
Liue a bright Angell in Heau'ns Common weale.
Free from this World; whose Pompe, and Bravery,
Is but a Land of Dust, meere slauery.

THE FLESH.

SInne Acts foule Lust vpon the Soule while it
Stands Puritan Punck-like, willing to commit.
The Flesh vnto the Soul's a bitter Pill,
(Sweet guilded Poyson, Candide o're to kill.)
Hurrid, Carocht in Pride, which glit'ring showe
Of swelling Pompe, whose sweet Effect is woe.
Fleshly delights beget much Misery
Makes Couples marrie vnadui sedly,

Thinking Loue tittle tattles, can feed their wiſhes,
Loue ſoone growes cold, where there is empty diſhes.
Of all the ſinnes that are, when nothing can
Ruine the Soule; the Fleſh preuailes with Man,
His Eyes no ſooner on Deuotion waite,
But in ſteps Carnall Concupiſcence ſtraight
She's at his Elbow ſtill, to itch him on,
Th'vnhappy path to his Confuſion.
*Chaſte wiues are Saints, women that wantonize
*Witches, all poyſon, Hell is in their Eyes,
In which, as in a Wilderneſſe of woe,
In ſtriuing to get out, on mad men goe
Starke mad, paſt ſenſe, ſpight of all Books and Schools
Ruine their Fortunes, proue the Slaues to Fooles

For

For an alluring Minutes trifling Ioy
A lewd Inſatiate Longing, a meere Toy.
* O woman, woman, thy bewitching motion,
* Fooles wiſedome, mads reaſon, and blinds al deuotiõ
The Fleſh (falſe Traitor like) ſtriues to betray
The Soule to Hell, for an Infernall Prey.
Fleſhly delight in Man, feares want of Breath
More then his God; ſinne, or Eternall Death.
* When iuſt plagues come, thẽ ſin-ſick ſots can tremble
* Make knowne to all the World, how they diſſemble,
* Pray with the lip, (not heart,) wreſt ſacred Text
* To ſerue their owne Ends firſt, and then God next.
* Prouide to liue, in peſtilent Times beginne,
* Take greater Care to flie from death, then ſinne.

The Fleſh.

* Ther's nothing in our Fleſh, but wickedneſſe
* Deſire to liue, and obſcene wantonneſſe.
We forget now that dreadfull diſmall chance
The Terrible Arrow of Gods vengeance,
When Death buried farre more, then th' Earth could (ſwallow,
And no man to the Graue his Friend durſt follow.
O why ſhould Mortals wiſh, long life to liue,
What Comfort? what true Ioy do's this life giue?
* Ther's nothing, not one thought that do's vs good,
* But it is ſtrangled ſtraight, by Fleſh and blood,
* Holy Saint *Paul*, finding the Fleſh Rebell,
* deſir'd to be diſſolu'd, proud Fleſh to quell,
* And Sacred *Symeon* ſung 'gainſt ſinnes encreaſe
* Lord let thy ſeruant now, depart in peace,

Shall

Shall ſuch ſoule-ſweetning preparations be
Forgotten quite; O blinde ſecuritie,
*Life louing Fortunes, how yea puffe Men vp,
*To hugge their Follies, drinke damnation's Cup.
What is it we behold, in this vaine life,
But dayly griefes and dangers; ſinne, and ſtrife.
*When my ſoule-erring Eyes, ſtaring behold
*A dang'rous Strumpet, flame in glit'ring gold,
*(And murd'ring Beauty; ſparkling from her Eye
*Burning Temptation;) then me thinkes I ſpie
*My moſt apparent miſchiefe, plainely ſee
*How I ne'r ſtriue to pleaſe my God, as ſhee
*Striues to pleaſe Men; ſuch is the flaring Pride
*Of the vaine Fleſh, it hurts on euery ſide.

Ther's

There's nothing conſtant in vs, if to day
Vertue we loue, to morrow Vice obay.
Man at the beſt, is now become ſo fraile
As what cannot a ſpruce Queane, with a ſmooth Tai
Make him beleeue; ſuch witchcraft euer fly,
Luſt reuells, in the Magicke of her eye.
That ſtar-ſhooting, twinckling eye, do's ne'r ſhine,
But to the Ruine, of all thoughts diuine.
Twixt her aluring Lips, there liues a Spell
To ſucke, and ſincke, and kiſſe a man to Hell.
Touch but her Palmes, there ſinnes moiſt hand inuite
To a ſoule-damning Banquet; ſuch delights,
As often makes the wiſeſt Man an Aſſe,
Coward, and Foole, Times vitious Looking-Glaſſe.

Licoriſh entice pants on her Naked Breſt,
Snaring the tim'rous ſoule, to all vnreſt.
And like a feauers Puſe, t' encreaſe deſire,
Beates thicke vpon the Heart, ſets all on fire.
What a notorious Coxcombe vnto ſinne,
Luſt makes of Man, ſlaue to a whores ſoft skinne?
What's a delicious Harlot but a Cheater,
A poyſon'd *Marmalad Boxe*, which rots the Eater,
A Harlot in her beſt of Brau'rie can
Be but a kinde of greaſie dripping-Pan,
So often put toth' fire, it proues a flame,
So burnes the Baſting-Sticke, ſo Luſt growes tame.
Loue is a chaſte Queene, noble Wiſedomes Bride,
Luſt a Hot Whore; for eu'ry Knaue to ride;

Loue

* Loue is a Virgin ſprung from Vertues Race,
* Luſt an alluring Strumpet paſt all Grace;
* Loue is a vertuous wife, Times conſtant Woman
* Luſt a proud Harlot, the true Scourge of Man.

The chiefe praiſe of a good wife do's not lie
In outward ſhew, but inward Pietie,
If Vertue Rules her blood, ſhe merits Loue,
If not, I will aſſure thee ſhe will proue
Like a deceitfull Glaſſe, where Man may ſee
Hee's meerely Cheated in her; O Miſerie
* Man makes a woman proud with [illegible],
* A wonderous wanton toy, beleeue that,
* Marke but the cunning Beautie ſeeing men gaze,
* And yet not ſeemes to ſee, more but her waies

See

See how ſhee tempts, with what a charming ſmile,
Puts poiſon in her Eyes, eyes to beguile,
Seducing eyes, aim'd at Eternall Light,
From Heau'n, to looke on Hell, prurient delight,
Deckt, trimm'd, adorn'd, trickt vp to pull men on
With Pride of Eyes, to their confuſion.
Note the varietie of all her charmes,
The Lazie, idle, ſtretching of the Armes;
The Yawne, and then the Hey-ho, rolling eie,
Sicke ſtomacke for the Act; O Luxurie:
Thy flames, in wanton women, ſtrangely moue,
She that delights in Luſt, can neuer Loue.
Obſerue each geſture, how ſhe takes a pride
To itch the Buttocke; to friske from ſide to ſide,

Mon-

Mop, mew, bite Lip, and wriggle with the Taile,
There's not a ioynt about her that ſhall faile
To catch at Man; be Icie cold as ſtone,
Shee'l finde a Tricke to melt affection.
In each behauiour liues a Venome ſnare,
There's language in the curling of her haire,
Eyes, Cheeks, Lips, Hands, no member I amme ſo weake
But ſerues to tempt; her very foot ſhall ſpeake.
Shee'l part each other in ſuch dall'ing ſort
As if ſhee'd doe with th' Ayre for want of ſport.
Croſſe legges, and then with itching thighes & knees
Open and ſhut the paſſage by degrees.
Takes pleaſure to be ſeene to wantonize,
And is beſt pleaſed, to pleaſe Letchers Eyes.

* Like thoſe Nice Dames that will in outward ſhow
* Not wrong their husbands, no forſooth, O no,
* Not for a World; ſtand on their honeſtie,
* Quote Scripture, ſymper, looke moſt modeſtly,
* Sweare and forſweare, ſhould the firſt husband die;
* Ne're to wed more; Yet marrie preſently,
* And then proteſt the ſingle life temptation,
* Phy out vpon 't, foe to Procreation,
Thus ſeeme in publique pure; but in priuate
More ſecretly open; more inſatiate
Then the hot Monkie 'th veneriall Marke
Skip, friske, and fling, doe wonders in the darke.
And like the *Jeſuite*, thinke Luſt done by ſtealth
Dainty, ſecure, ſuddaine, and done for health

* The onely Cure, Luſts raging flames to quench,
* Is *Aqua lachrimarum*; that will ſtench
* The wounds, proud Harlots ſo delight to make
* On the poore ſoule of Man; make him to quake,
* A fear'd to ſtand on that falſe Rocke of Ice
* Idleneſſe, feeder of foule Carnall vice,
* Blacke errors cloud, South fog, which rots the min
* Leapours the Soules, and is the Northern winde
* The cauſe of all ſins Stormes, that dang'rous Flo
* Luſts ſurging Ocean ſwelling in Mans blood.

O Diuell deſire of Luſt, mee, mee, forſake;
I charge thee hence, by him that made Hell quake
By that Almighty One, in ſacred Trine
All Holy Spels, and Charmes, Magicke Diuine.
By that ſweet excellent Sacred Puritie
(Siſter of Angells) Virgin chaſtitie.
Fly from me all baſe thoughts; be iuſt mine Eyes;
And be your ſelues, hate wantons witcheries.

THE VICIOVS COVRTIER.

GOe, harmeleſſe *Satyr*, if thou ſmell a *Rat*,
The *Dogge* of Enuie, of the blacke ey'd *Bat*,
For op'ning the faire Truth, miſconſter ſence,
Knit the baſe Brow, of daring impudence,
And wiſely like a *Wolfe*-like Aduocate,
Make thee dangerous, vile, a thing of hate,
If honeſt *Satyr* ſuch thou meete, defie,
Spare not to giue the Fooles and Knaues the lie.
There was a Time, when hadſt thou play'd the knaue,
Thou might'ſt haue flouriſht and haue flouriſht braue.

Fortune that *whore*, the Worlds aluring Ginne
She had beene true, hadſt thou beene true to Sinne
God knowes I enuie no Man for his Greatneſſe,
For his Proſperity, true Worthineſſe,
I ne'r reioyc'd at any Mans ſadfall
But wiſh a *Vertuous* happy life to all.
This then my Comfort be, my minde appeaſe,
He that writes beſt, can neuer all Men pleaſe.
None e're could ſhunne, the Cenſure of a Knaue,
Nor enuie, of a curriſh Natur'd Slaue.
*'Tis common now, without the cauſe diſcerning,
*Fooles wil find faulk, with that, they haue no learning
I write not raſh with Enuie, to defame
For ſome particular wronge, any man's name,

Shall I at *Fortunes Fauourite* grieued be,
Because *Ioue* made me not, as great as he:
No; 'twere basely bad; blacke is the soule,
Clogg'd with the horror of a sinne so foule.
Fairely my *Muse* appeares, onely to shew
What's lewdly ill; that Noble Mindes may know
The *Vicious Courtier*, he whose Mushrome sight
Time stiles ignoble, a meere Carpet Knight.
A Lazie Lust-stung Lord, periurd, vniust,
Slaue to the Itching of his Mistris Lust.
One that admires her brauery with Oathes
Much wicked-wit consumes in gawdy Cloathes:
Which speakes him to the World a *March-paine Man*
A very mighty *Muske-Cat*; one that can,

The Vicious Courtier.

(To please *State-strumpets*) turne Capitall Calfe,
Reu'rence her shooe-shadow, in her behalfe
Sweare by *Olympicke Ioue*, she's the Fairest
That e're breathd, most Excellent, the Rarest,
Spending the Time in Commendations,
In Sighes, Tales obscene, Visitations,
Set Faces, and set speeches, pickt from Playes,
Quaint apish Gestures; O the many wayes
(To please, *Madam Much-adoe*) the rare *Jewels*,
Musicke, *Masques*, *Baudie Banquets*, *Midnight-Reuels*,
Cocke-Sparrow Humours, absurd *Complement*,
Which makes the *Vicious Courtier* confident,
So ridiculous blinde; that his braue Trull,
(Times prurient *Puppet*) can perswade the Gull,

Afte

After her Forme to paint, powder the haire
Which (*catching Councell*) seeming passing rare,
Duely the *Asse* obserues, curiously Nice,
Best pleas'd to immitate his *Cockatrice*.
To smell all *Amber*, chiefely to preuent
Lues Veneria, that infectious sent,
Bred in his rotten Entrals, through th'Excesse
Of stirring Meates, insatiate wantonnesse,
That too too common Delectation,
Poyson of wholesome Recreation,
(Sinnes slauish seruitude, Excessiue ill,)
And Bane of Vertue; is much made of still,
By such; who (rather then the Enterprize
Of Noble true *Knights* louely exercise,)

Delight in painted out-side, Coſtly fare,
To ſtudie the faſhion, looke bigge and ſtare,
Aduance the head like a *Malt-Horſe*, be proud
And ſpeake no matter what, ſo it be loud.
Bountifull to *Bawdes*, Miſ'erable toth' poore,
Sell all, whole Lordſhips to maintaine a Whore;
To ſtirre vp th' intellectuals of looſe Ladies,
To melt their Chaſtitie, get Baſtard Babies,
Times were not ſo, when *Worthies* ſhin'd in Armes,
Reioyc'd in *Vertue*, not in the wanton *Charmes*
(Of braue *Madam Vanitie* the Puppet)
Looſe Embrace of a conſuming Strumpet,
But brauely fought for Virgins in diſtreſſe,
Relieu'd poore Widdowes, and the Fatherleſſe,

Striuing

Striuing with faire, renowned, valiant Acts
To chase *Iniustice*, punish euill Facts.
O blest performance Noble race of men,
Worthy the praise of an *Immortall Pen*,
Your Famous *Deeds*, past starres, recorded stand,
For euer and euer, written by the hand
Of sacred *Truth*, to the Eternall shame
Of the sinne-branded *Vicious Courtiers Name*,
Let him that notice takes, take this of me,
If Man of *Money*, or of low degree,
Let not the hope of gaine bring that to passe,
Which makes a *Dunce*, obserue a golden *Asse*,
Nor let thy Minde, at any time accord,
To be the Slaue to an infamous *Lord*.

His *Loue* to *Vice*, all *vertuous Acts* repell
As if no *Plagues* remain'd in spacious *Hell*.
Engag'd to mischiefe, and to villanie,
To pleasure *Vice*, embrace iniquitie,
The *Honour* due for *Vertue*; that Reward
Is naught (but base contempt) meere sleight Regard
He that will get by such, must well dissemble
And tell the *Fooles*, they Gods on Earth resemble
Obsequiously the Parasite must play
And hazard blacke Damnation ev'ry Day.
Insinuate, and so waxe knauish wise,
Be a stampt *Villen*, learne to temporize,
Sweare, and forsweare, deprave, informe, and lie,
Change each houre *Religion*, periur'd die.

Plot,

The Vicious Courtier.

Plot, plot, and ſet friends hourly at debate,
Cling to the ſurer ſide, the weaker hate,
Turne *Baud* at midnight, (*Pander* to the Itch
Of an *Adulterate Cloth* of ſiluer Witch.)
Practiſe to know to mixe with perilous *Art*
The deadly *Poyſon* with the amorous Dart,
Neatly obtaining, by times cunning skill,
With *Stibium*, and *Cantharides* to kill.
Such ſudden Fellowes, nimble in Damnation,
Are *Vicious Courtiers* greateſt Eſtimation:
When diſreſpected Honeſt men forlorne,
Liue miſerably wretched, *Ragg'd and torne.*
As for the true bred villaine, he ſhall lacke
Nor Gold, nor Cloth of Gold dawb'd on his backe

Yet

Yet when the *Slaues* too many secrets know,
Oft with a *Spanish Figge*, they headlong goe
Hurrid to *Hell*, the damned soules to tell
What glorious *villaines*, here on Earth doe dwell.
* That with a Politicque straine, can make all sure
* Murder, with murder; murder, to secure.
* Drunke with *Conceit*, that greatnesse beares the sway
* Safely to *Act*, what *Villany* it may.
* There is a *tricke*, such neuer faile to vse
* In which their dearest *Friends*, they'l most abuse
* With faire pretext of Honorable *Loue*,
* In secure cunning, onely to remoue
* And shift him forth into another *Ayre*,
* To purge, and lessen, least his *Vertues* rare

* *Should merit Kingly Fauour*, make him hie,
* Aduanc'd in ſtate to greateſt Dignitie.
* The Iealious thought whereof, to miſchiefe bent,
* Doth ſund'ry ſecret practizes inuent
* How to decline that growth, if none take roote
* Swift *Mercurie*, a ſuddaine dramme muſt doo't.

Others there are, that ſmiling Flatter all,
Proue for to each, but Friend to none at all
And ſuch (beleeu't) make vſe of Time, and Place,
By ſeruile ſlauery, moſt creeping baſe
(*Kiſſing the Clawe*) appeares with Coxcombe bare,
Praiſing the *Vitious Glowworme* paſt compare,
With O-Right vertuous Lord; ſuch ſlecke Regard,
Repleniſh Flat'ries Cups, with full reward.

The Vicious Courtier.

Like *Spiders*, webs of Flattery they weaue,
The pleasing Eares *of Great-Ones to deceiue*:
Which once Entangl'd by some Quainte Deuise
Chops off their *heads*, 'tis practiz'd in a trice.
They'l giue occasion that may moue discourse
And by a Tricke, *some dang'rous Theame enforce*,
To draw a doubtfull question to the worst
They'l make men guilty, then betray e'm first,
These are the onely spies, that gape for prey,
Cut-throates in silence, smile, and then betray.
Intrap th' vnskilfull, beg *their forfeit Liues*
To grasp their States; thus the vile Villen thriues
Whose whisp'ring poysons, speakes him sins supporter,
Machiuillian Darkneſſe, the *Vicious Courtier*.

Him

Him, the true Noble Minde muſt euer ſhunne,
Or liue (in hazard ſtill to be vndone,)
Slaue to the *Vanitie* of *Pompe*, high Place,
Ambitious thoughts, Sinne, and a double Face;
Cringes, and Creepings, all the baſe deſires
Of ſinfull Life, plagu'd with infernall fires.
What e're thou art that careleſſe ſhalt reſort
To th' *Court of Vice*, onely to ſee the Court;
Take heed, beware of that *Enchanted Glaſſe*,
Where *Pride in Mortals*, Fiends in Hell ſurpaſſe.
There ſhalt thou Maſques, ſuch midnight Reuel finde
Such Muſicke, Banquets, to alure thy minde,
As will affright the blood of *Chaſtitie*,
Turne *Virgin Loue*, to hot Luſt's Pluriſie.

There shalt thou those, of *Venus* Traine behold,
Burning *Temptation* flame in glit'ring Gold
And though adorn'd with *Pearle*, the Richest stuffe
Their inflate *Pride*, ne'r thinke them braue enough.
Were Gownes Embost with Golden, Starres so fine,
That in each Starre, a *Diamond* should shine,
Still, their high Towring lofty daring Pride
(*Like Lust restrain'd*) Liues neuer satisfide.
If checkt for it; straight swiftest *Mercury*
Strikes dead th' opposing Foe to *Venerie*:
Like (sometimes) that sad most Lamented Knight
Who di'd by a Tricke; in such a wofull plight
(By Sugar Candid Poysons) workt in Paste
(*From Sinne and Murder sent*,) whose delicate Taste,

Vnde

The Vicious Courtier.

Vnder the fein'd pretence, of ſeeming good,
Conſum'd and burnt, his vitall Crimſon blood,
Such is the *Mighty- Madams-Murdring ſpight*,
* Court *Concubines* ne'r kill, but with delight.
Curb'd for their Pride, like God's ill Angels ſwell,
As if Earth's Diuells, and the World their Hell.
* Pride is their Zeale, their *Prayers* forgetfulneſſe,
* *Charity*, *Contempt*, their *Vertue* wantonneſſe
* Plumpe, high-fed pamper'd *fleſh*, on whom muſt wait
* *Page*, *Pander*, *Paraſite*, *preparation State*,
* Gold: Gliſtring Glory, *Coſt*, *Curious dyet*,
* Inſatiate *Pleaſure*, and luxurious Riot.
And why all this high feeding, Rich Attire,
But like bright *Beacons*, flaming all on fire,

Threat *Ruine*, *Death*, and *Hell*; which wiſe men ſee,
And know what fooles they make, know them to be
Soule-flaming fire-brands, Expert in Euill
Witches, *Hell-Cats*, *Factors* for the *Deuill*,
Sucke-blouds, *Hyena*, *Syrens Crocodiles*,
All *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, whoſe proud ſmiles,
Take pleaſure to entice, make Men deface
Their Soules faire Temple, for a poore Embrace,
A luſhious Pleaſure, lewd laſciuious greeting,
A pleaſing ſweete, but a moſt bitter ſweeting.
Neuer was any great Arch-miſchiefe done,
But by a Whore, or a Prieſt, firſt begun,
A Cloth of ſiluer *Slut*, Times Tiſſue *Trull*,
Can with cloſe *Cleopatra's* Kiſſes *Gull*.

The Vicious Courtier.

The greateſt *Kings* and *Dukes*, loue for an houre,
Nor is it them ſhee loues, but their high powre.
Groomes, of the meaneſt qualitie in Court,
Can make her fleſhly fulneſſe, ſweeter ſport,
A glorious ſhee *Smocke-ſtatiſt* can amaze,
Fire famous Troy, and ſet the world at gaze.
A *Drab* of *State*, is a conſuming Flame,
Oft, fiers the Hearts of Princes, paſt reclaime.
Turnes Ioy, to deepe and Melancholy ſadneſſe,
Poyſons the bloud, and fils the braine with madneſſe,
* Why ſhould ſhe elſe, with painting ſeeme more faire?
*Suffer her naked *Breaſts* lie open bare?
* Why vſe falſe coulour'd haire, Emboſt with *Gold*?
*Pownc'd with Perfumes, Lockes curled to behold?

* Why Oyles? Waters for Teeth? Why void of Grace?
* With ſpots (like *Rats-Dung*) to blacke patch the face?
* Or why (in *Baths* of *Milke*) waſh her proud skin?
* Why wrong Heau'ns work-manſhip, with ſuch hie ſin?
* If not like CIRCE, by enchantment ſtrange,
* Men into Beaſts and Beaſt-like natures change.
* Confounding ſenſe, all reaſon ſits a ſide,
* Such is the force of her affected Pride.
* A painted Face ſleekt o're by cunning Art,
* Is but the Pride of a luxurious Heart.
* A diſcontentment of God's worke vpon her,
* To wooe mens Eyes to Luſt, and her diſhonor.
* Painting's the Nurſe of black thoghts, damn'd deuiſes,
* It makes the ſoule imitate greateſt vices.

What

What's it elſe? but daring Impudence,
Gainſt the bright Glory of Omnipotence,
Luſts Looking-Glaſſe, Torch of Iniquitie,
Th' imperious Miſtris of all Witcherie,
A ſlimie ſinne, dawb'd o're the painted wall
Of fouleſt Folly, to catch fooles with all,
A painted Face, harbours a Heart of Flint,
There is no reliſh of Deuotion in't.
Luſt, *Pride*, and *Enuie*, all the ſinnes that are,
Waites on the painted Beautie falſely faire.
Still buſie in her Eare, her Minde, her Eye,
To whore away Man's ſoule with foolerie,
The painted outſide of a tempting Face,
Spotted with Hell, ſtands ſequeſtred from Grace.

* Such Prodigall ſinfull ſweetes, Men ought not haue,
* Nor ſee th' aluring Face, vnfit to craue.
* Soules that will mount, high Heau'ns, Celeſtiall ſtate,
* Climbes Vertues Ladder; vicious Actions hate.
* Man, that will ne'r be tempted, paſt his might,
* Runnes from the Glit'ring Strumpet, flies her ſight.
* O happy is the man, bleſſed for euer,
* Whoſe Life, in flying Sinne, loyes to perſeuer.

Vita nihil peius iniqua.

* *
*

THE IESVITE.

NOt like ỹ Maſſe-Prieſt, he whoſe mouth is cram'd
With words ỹ ſpeak all Proteſtants are damn'd.
Him nor his Flocke, I dare not cenſure ſo,
Nor meane to write more then I iuſtly know
To be moſt true; In which knowne Path I finde,
Counterfeit Catholiques, ſo groſſely blinde,
They dare outface Heau'ns *Truth*, forg'd lies maintaine
To Cloake the cunning *Ieſuites* ſubtile Braine,
He that do's Theefe-like waite for *Vertues* fall,
Liues in perpetuall watch, to blow vp all.

The President, recorded stands for euer.
In this Realmes safety; which hel's Plot can neuer
Wipe from Remembrance; neuer shall the Euill
Of that close *Secretary*, to the *Deuill*,
That *Fesuite* GARNET, liue forgot while I,
Haue *Pen*, or *Hand*, to write his Tragedy,
(That *Myne of Murther*, Mischiefes Master-vice,
Lodg'd in the Politicque skull of Auarice)
His desp'rate Soule was such, hee durst to swimme,
A *Sea* of *Vice*, be rackt in eu'ry Limme.
All Tortures suffer, rather then Reueale
The Treason, his Religion bids conceale.
Witnesse thou *Ghost* of *Garnet*, this is true.
He that han'gd, drawne, and quarter'd, had his due.

To

To him was knowne, the powder pitchie Treason,
Neuer to be forgot, he knew the season
When, where, and how, that suddaine bloudie blow,
(*Blacke, Hell-bred, Thunder, flaming, ouerthrow,*)
Should haue bin giuen; knew the Times short space,
When no soule should haue time to pray for Grace,
Or cry, God helpe; The Treason was so foule,
The *Traitors* would haue damn'd both body and Soule
If in their power; and eu'ry soule i'th Ayre
Tost vp, sent vnprepar'd of heau'nly prayer,
With all their sinnes; O horrid, horrid Act,
All this the *Jesuite* knew; conceal'd the Fact,
And rather then disclose, least warning giue,
King, Prince, and *Nobles*, not a soule should liue,

Here

Here was a Villaine; yet I'ue knowne in *Spaine*,
The *Traitors* death so moan'd, such Credit gaine,
(Though here he dyde, for Treasons iust Complaint,)
There Monster *Iesuites*, make a Martyr'd Saint.
Mischieuous Masse-Priests to his meriting Fame,
At the high Altar in a spatious frame,
Aduance to him, as to a Saint most blest,
His Body-mangled Picture, thus expreſt:

Garnets Picture.

Bare Head, white Beard, Lookes sober, in his Gowne,
Him ouer head, Angels with *Laurell* Crowne.
About his Necke, a long large Halter tide,
Hangs, (as befitting such) downe the Left side.
His Belly ript, bloud seeming open raw,
Holding in his right hand, his pictur'd straw.

* Beneath

*Beneath his right side, flames a Heart in fire,
*'Boue his left side, Limmes quarter'd, Treasons hire,
*Presented on a Towre; which Pictur'd storie
Straw-fainted set vp to'th *Arch-Traitors Glory.*
Inuites each eye, yea all the World to see
Jesuites, Protectors, of all Villany.
*Poyſ'ning of Princes, held as trifling things,
*With them, 'tis meritorious to kill Kings.
Can this Religion be, they thinke it pure,
But Man ne'r knew Religion more impure,
Their Church, is but their *Baud,* bad deedes to further,
Th' onely sanctuary for bloud and murther.
Plots, Practizes, hellish abomination,
Pardons for Treason, holy approbation

Of that ill-Sainted wretch (his curſed fault)
That Father to *Faux*, the Diuell i'th vault.
Such *Iudas-Ieſuites* euer Traitors proue
To King, and Prince; diſloyall in their loue.
* Yet outward fawning ſeeme on bended knee
* Low as the earth; O true hypocriſie,
* Vnder the milde aſpect of Reuerence,
* In duty, and ſubmiſſe obedience,
* With Oylie Eloquence, beſt pleaſing Phraſe,
* Catching Orations, full of flat'ring praiſe,
* When in the Heart, abides no ſpot of good,
* All treach'rous thoughts; all thirſting after bloud,
* The fall of Princes, change, alteration,
* The Proteſtants Religion's deſolation,

* Such is the Ieſuites diue'liſh diſpoſition,
* The nature of the Beaſt, his true condition.
* He that can temporize, by Booke maintaine
* To ſerue his ends; and glut his God-leſſe gaine.
* Be what he leaſt ſeemes, cold in deuotion,
Enuious, at one anothers Promotion,
* Not lowly minded, but proud Ambitious,
* In tongue a Saint, in heart a Slaue vicious.
* Preach diuine patience, when himſelfe ſhall be,
* The waſpiſh Image of all Tyrannie.
* Spleenatiue, choll'ricke, And who ſo offends,
* Is ſo farre off from euer being friends,
All-bee't he ſeeme a Calme, yet if he liue,
Hee'l be reueng'd, be ſure ne'r to forgiue.

Such is the Ieſuite, ſuch his double Face,
And ſuch his charitable ſigne of Grace.
He that dares awe his Countrey, King and State,
Smile, and yet be a villaine, all men hate,
Set Princes at debate, befoole the Tymes,
Poyſon the world, with irreligious Crymes,
Swell Battles, Murthers, make whole Kingdoms ſhake,
Shed Innocent bloud, all for Religions ſake,
To defend Religion, what Religion's this,
To ſeeme deuoute, and doe ſo much amiſſe?
* Colour Religion, with meere gullerie,
* Wreſt ſacred Text, to maintaine Roguerie,
(* As if Religion were a formall Law,
* Religion onely to keepe fooles in awe,)

Defend Controuerſies; woe to thoſe dayes
Woe to ſuch Serpent-ſnarling Church-Mens wayes,
* Sinne ne'r triumphs, ſtrikes a more Fatall ſtroake,
* Then when 'tis couer'd with Religions Cloake.
That Ieſuite, he, who ſpeakes diuinely faire
Yet hath a wicked life; I may compare
To fire, ſtand off, doe not come too neare it,
You then may ſafely warme; need not feare it.
But if thou vnaduiſedly preſume,
Approach to nigh, thee it will burne, conſume,
So the deceitfull Prieſt, come not neare him,
Shun his Acquaintance, you need not feare him.
Fly his diſſembling ſight, his blacke life ſpurne,
If lodg'd within your boſome, he will burne

With

With shew of holinesse burne and scortch,
Waste thee, in thy Estate, like a spent Torch.
There's not a Gentleman of meanes do's die,
But with his Heire, the *Iesuite* presently
Shares in his Land; with shew of Reuerence,
(Winning of Soules) couers concupiscence.
Commits with all he likes, any Man's wife,
Makes her beleeue, 'tis to preserue his life.
Perswading Letch'rie, with their Ghostly Father,
No Sinne, but a Deede of charitie rather.
Sad-sickenesse to preuent, to scowre the Veines,
To mundifie, and for to purge the Reines,
Ergo plena Charitatis; An Act
Of meere Commiseration, such a Fact,

As to denie it, (were a damned sinne)
Puls curse on curse, which hath for euer bin
Iustly inflicted; punishing all those
Repugnant Natures, with the worst of woes,
Despaire, assur'd confusion, dismall horrour,
Suddaine destruction, Death, Infernall Terrour,
Hell, and the Diuell; for that high offence
Of Stubborne refusall, disobedience,
A sinne, impossible to be forgiuen,
Such is the Iesuites charge; of purpose giuen,
To please his Lust; makes that, a gainefull Trade,
Lies with this Lady, and that Chamber-Maide.
Here giues a Pardon, there denounceth Curses,
So betwixt both, sure to picke all their Purses.

The Nimble Slaues Church-knauerie can ſtrip,
And fetch your greateſt Lady o're the hip.
With a religious ſhow, put tricks vpon her,
Rob the beleeuing Foole, firſt of her honour,
Then pardon Sinne; and then he may enthrall,
Rob her of Coyne, Plate, Iewels, Smocke and all,
Doe, and vndoe, Her Charity's ſoone drawne
For baudie Ieſuites, her beſt Smocke to pawne,
Their thread of Doctrine 'mong women ſpun,
Is to whore all, be ſhe the chaſteſt *Nun*,
If ſhe denie to yeeld, Murther and Rape,
Shall Wolfe-like ſeize that prey, there's no eſcape,
Such is the Murd'ring Minde of him we call,
Natures Monſter, *Prieſt Ieſuiticall*.

THE

THE DIVELL.

SEarch all the Earth, you eu'ry where shall see,
Satan most busie, from the Church not free:
The very Pulpit haunts, and being vext,
Seekes how to put the Preacher from his Text:
Such as teach others, yet themselues neglect,
And with sinnes Cassocke hide their owne defect;
From Pew to Pew, vnseene; Hel's Feind doth creepe,
To dull the Hearers Eares, loggs some a sleepe,
Some to vaine prattle, others still to prie,
With wanton lookes, for a bewitching Eye.

Some greedily imployes, to ſpie out Faſhions,
To glut the humours of proud womens paſſions.
Makes muddie Mortals, at each other looke,
More then on Heau'n, or Gods all bleſſed Booke.
And ſuch is Satan's craft, continuall Motion,
To draw mankinde from Heau'n, and all Deuotion.
Tempts ſome to Hate, Ambition, ſome to ſlide
The ſlipp'rie heights of Pompe, vn-paid for Pride,
Others to ſwimme the Sea, Luſt pleaſing vice,
Some wet damnation, moſt men Auarice
Seruant to Satan; Satan which do's ſtriue,
Man of all heau'nly ſolace to depriue.
God (for our ſinnes) no ſooner Angry growes,
But ſtraight the Roaring, ſuddaine Diuell throwes

His

His Pawes on vs; And like himſelfe beginnes
(For Numbers numberleſſe of deſp'rate ſinnes,)
To ſeize the Soule, made an Eternall prey
To burne in Hell, as Heau'ns iuſt Caſt-away.
Such is the Fate of Soules, enſnar'd within
Satans command; beware the Twigge of ſinne,
Leaſt touch will take thee Priſ'ner; Helliſh Guiles
Proue like the perilous paths of *Crocodiles*,
Who with their ſlimie Tongues (lickt o're) prepare
To murther Mortals, by a ſlip'rie Snare.
Man is a Tree, whoſe Roote what i'ſe? thoughts (uill,
Bad Deeds the Body, yeelding to the Deuill.
The Armes, ten proud aſpiring diſcontents,
Breakers of all the Ten Commandements.

The Branches are, our proanesse vnto ill,
The Leaues Pleasure, the faire Fruit sinne, which still
With sweetest show of sweetnesse, tempts vs on,
To feede and follow our destruction.
* There's feare aboue vs, feare beneath vs,
* Feare round about, and yet no feare within vs.
Satan like *Delilah*, suffers not men,
For to see danger; is't not fitting then,
By holy violence, we seize the Sword
Of th' *Omnipotent*, Omniposent Word,
To slaughter sinne in vs; O shall not we
(That professe sacred Christianitie,)
Conquer our Crimes; thinke on the life to come,
The rising of the Dead; that Day of Doome,

When

When this vaſt Orbe of Earth ſhall blazing burne,
An all the World in Funerall Flames ſhall mourne,
Then Heau'n and Hell amazing ſhall appeare,
In two extreames; Ioy, and exceſſiue Feare;
Heau'n in bright ſhining All Eternall Light,
Hell in the Horrour of perpetuall Night.
Heau'n ſhall triumph, Hell tremble, Angels ſing,
Gloria in Excelſis, to Heau'ns high King;
The King of Heau'n; Heau'n Ioyes perfect ſolace,
All-Rauiſhing, glit'ring, glift'ring Palace,
Pleaſures Paradice, Immortall Dwelling,
All pure, excellent, paſt thought excelling,
Heau'ns Pauement are the ſtarres, in what exceſſe
Shines Heau'n, whē ſtar-pau'd with ſtars numberleſſe.

No thought of want, which mads the thoughts of men,
But plenties fulneſſe, full abound in Heau'n.
There, Virgin Chaſtitie in Life oppreſt,
Glitters in Saint-like Glory, liues moſt bleſt,
The poore man roſt, from wrong, to iniurie,
In Heau'n findes comfort, firme felicitie.
The wronged widdow, iniur'd fatherleſſe,
Bright Heau'n releiues, giues all their woes redreſſe.
*He that for ill, do's good; Heau'n will requite,
*Crowne his faire ſoule, with Comforts infinite.
Is it not fit then, we our ſinnes bewaile,
Thinke ſtill on Heau'n; on Heau'n that ne'r did faile
The penitent heart, when (alas) diſtreſt,
Naked, forlorne, when moſt of all oppreſt.

Then ſends reliefe, miraculous reliefes,
Such is the Loue of Heau'n, Heau'n cures all griefes;
As for Times Wolfe-turn'd ill-affected great Ones,
Cloſe-fiſted to the poore, deafe to their Groanes,
The villaines of this Age, that make profeſſion,
Of a pure Life; yet liue by baſe oppreſſion,
Hell ſhall confound their ſoules, that Den of Horror,
(Circl'd with blacke affright, blew-burning Terror)
Shall boyle their ſoules, and bodies, toth' blacke ſweat
Of an infernall poyſon; and that eate
Still to renew new paines; plagues that excell
Such are the neuer-dying paines of Hell.
There, painted Pride liues crown'd in flaming fire,
The Glorious Strumpet, whipt with burning wyer.

Fed, is the Luſt-prouoking Lecher there
With ſcorching Coles, ſuch as delight to ſweare,
Swallow the Drunkards euer ſcalding Oyle,
There, Vſurers in Pooles of Sulphure boyle,
Murther, Rape, Inceſt, endleſſe torments feele,
The Racke of vengeance, and the burning wheele
Whirl'd round in blew flames, ſoule-amazing feare,
*More Plagues the Tongue can tell, the damned beare.
In burning Beds of ſteele, ſoules blazing fry,
Torturd with torments, ſuch as neuer dye,
Curſing the Time of their abus'd Creation,
Parents, Fate, Sinne, and their owne damnation.
Better, O better neuer to be borne,
Then with ſuch Terror-ſtriking Torments torne,

Which

Which to eſchew, weepe wormes of earth, repent,
Weepe, weepe for ſinne, ſoule-killing ſinnes preuent,
* Seeke Heau'n, ſhun Hell, fly from the worlds entice,
* Heau'ns the Reward of *Vertue*, Hell of *Vice*.
* Perfect Repentance, makes men bravely die,
* That ne'r liu'd ſo; fly then Hels Miſerie,
* Deferre not thy Repentance till to Morrow,
* Shed Teares for ſinne, O 'tis a ſacred Sorrow.
* Repent or damne; for ſinne weepe, and weepe well,
* Soules that doe ſcoute at Teares, ſhall fry in Hell,
God in his infinite Mercy ne'r forſakes
The ſoule which fights with ſinne, and vndertakes
To doe it's beſt endeauour; ſtriues' expell
The ſubtile ſnares of ſinne, and ſtriues to dwell

On

On Vertues mount (free from the tempting vice
Of the World, Flesh, and Diuell, all th'entice
Of all ill Company; whose venome bloud
Each diuine thought in Man, each deed that's good,
Seekes to corrupt, to poyson, betray soules,
And drie their vertues, like parcht parchment scroles.
From which dire Mischiefe, the Religious still
Protected stand, by the Almighties will.
Simile. As the young Bird for food do's neuer cease,
Op'ning the Mouth, vntill the Damme release
And cure the want it suffers; so should we
* With vnlockt lips still pray, that God would free
* Our soules from sinne, O 'tis a blessed taske!
* God ne'r leaues giuing, till we leaue to aske.

What

What a large, Extreame folly 'tis to ſpie
Man (like the Wolfe for prey) how earneſtly
He hunts for meanes; as if the onely honie
Of Soule, and Body, did conſiſt in monie;
Meat drinke & clothes; men ſicke, ſtill pray for health,
Ready to be vndone, for paltry wealth,
Freedome, and ſafety; And with ſhameleſſe Faces
Forget to beg of God, Spirituall Graces.
* Many Men pray; But he the Glory winnes,
* Who prayes, to be disburthen'd from his ſinnes;
* And viewes the poore Mans Labour, with the Eye
* Of ſweete reliefe; ther's Noble Charitie:
* The heart of ſucha Man, may ſometimes ſhrinke
* Vnder Temptations weight, but neuer ſinke:

* God makes him here, Lord Steward of that store,
* He deales so chearefully among the poore;
* Giues him the Grace to thinke, when to his sight
* A poore wretch comes, to begge of him a Mite;
* He might haue beene that begger, his Estate
* Transfer'd on him; and begging at his Gate,
Or in the streete in Raggs, oppreſt with griefe,
Glad to beſeech him, for ſome poore reliefe;
To ſuch faire ſoules; Iehoua in his loue,
Giues Gifts of Grace; he their defence will proue,
God's promiſe is, (if feruently, we pray
And vſe our beſt endeauour euery day
To fly from ſinne, reſoluing to betake vs
To holy Meanes, he neuer will forſake vs.

God

God, is so kinde, he cannot, will not see
His Seruants *Moues*, to damn'd impietie.
Neuer did any, doe their faire endeauour
To pray to him, that euer lost their labour.
Nay more; if God but see thy inclination
To pray; He will preuent thy supplication,
Answer thy full desire ere thou canst craue,
Grant that, thy heart did neuer hope to haue.
He made the *Eare*, to heare the happinesse
We haue from him; the *Tongue* still to confesse
The Glory of his Name; our *Eyes* to see
The workes of his Almighty Maiestie.
Hand, *Heart*, *Knee*, *Foot*, God the whole man did frame
All to reioyce, in his *All-Sacred Name*.

And

And dare wo *Duſt* and *Aſhes* ceaſe to p[illegible]

To Him? O no; Heauen grant I neuer [illegible]:

Ride thou my *Soule* vpon ſome winged Cloud

To th' *Heau'nly Harueſt*; Fly to the ſacred Shroud

Of *Sempeternall Safety*; Fly the ſight

Of blazing *Beautie*, flaring *Earths* delight,

Malicious *Mindes*; miſchieuous *Man's* inuention,

Faire *Lookes*, falſe *Hearts*, ſtampt in a foule intention,

Take flight my *Soule*, flie from the diſmall Den

Of this *Darke Age*; the impiouſneſſe of Men

Fly from the pond'rous Plummets of blacke Vice

Which puls to Hell; helpe *Prince of Paradice*,

I faint, I die, ſinne loades my ſoule with Horror,

The *world*, the *Fleſh*, and *Diuell*, all with Terror

Hangs, on thy fetter'd Limmes Priſ'ner to care
I liue ſteru'd, Tortur'd, Tempted to deſpaire.
Heare me *Eternall Eſſence*, which hath made
My ſoule to pray, ſend me thy ſacred aide
On the bright *Sunne Beames* of thy ſweet Saluation,
Draw (*Lord*) draw vp the Dew of my Deuotion.
Mount Soule, vpon the wings of Charitie,
Helpe *Heau'n*, vp *Heart*, Fly at Eternitie
Rowz'd like a Towring *Faulcon* in deſpight
Of *Hell*, and *Furies*, Fly to thy *Makers* ſight.
Happy the Man, whoſe Actions, ſtriue to ſwimme.
Through Seas of Tribulation vnto him,
The way to Heau'n, is full of Rubbs, and Thornes,
We cannot paſſe, but by the Lane of Scornes.

The Diuell.

The Diuell sets his Baites, in euery angle,
No Corner 's free from him, soules to entangle,
Therefore, in *Vertues* Path, striue to excell,
Let feruent Faith, repulse the Fiend of hell.
Diuines may Preach else till their *Heart strings burst*,
The Height of Sinne will Mount; liue still accurst.

*

FINIS.

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